

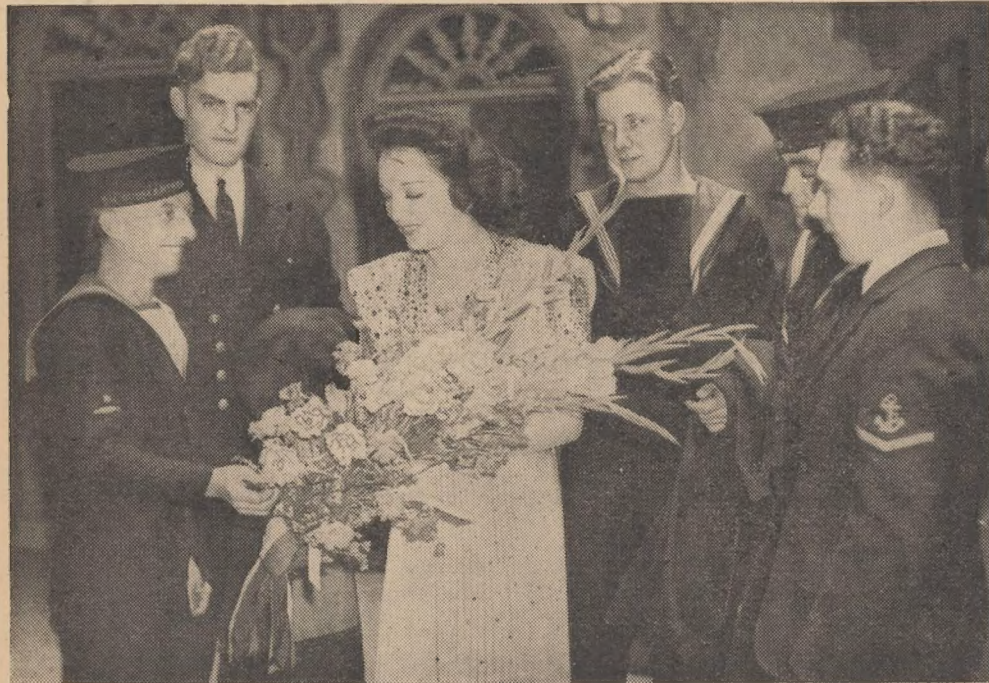
Good Morning

\$26

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

"TUNA" says it with flowers to Bebe Daniels

TALK about "What a surprise for the Duce, the Duce"! It wasn't in it with the surprise for the "Tuna," when the ship's company received an invitation from that famous star of stage, radio and screen, Bebe Daniels, to attend her show, "Panama Hattie," at the Alhambra, Glasgow.



Get-together party on the stage after the show seems to have been a huge success; in fact, the mixing appears to have been so thorough that we cannot for the life of us distinguish between ship's company and theatrical ditto, in the bottom picture.

Maybe "Tuna" boys will have fun arguing just who had the snootiest partner, though the honours undoubtedly go to the guy who presented Miss Daniels with that smashing bouquet... even wreathed his own face in smiles during the process.

What a souvenir snap to get the once-over on the boys when it comes to arguing who's the luckiest guy in the ship!

Is Claude Hulbert having one of his usual "arguments" with our cameraman? We wonder. There's no argument about the success of the party, anyway!

A memorable occasion. Thanks, Bebe... Good hunting, "Tuna"!

Beneath The Surface



SOME of these old thinkers of the ancient world might serve as models for our moderns. The ancients never wasted words. Take Petrarch. "The philosophers," he said, "have discovered a short cut to riches, which is this: Not to add to our riches, but to subtract from our desires."

And Democritus, on the same subject, said:—

If you do not desire much, little will mean much to you, for small wants give poverty the power of wealth.

There it is, in two sentences, applying to-day as ever. Why, here, spoken so many years ago, is the answer to the present-day misery of the middle classes, due mainly to continual increase of desires.

I mention middle classes because they seem always to hover, as it were, between wealth and poverty... scared of the latter and envious of the former.

Maybe they have known poverty in childhood and are fully acquainted with its cruel handicaps, may be also they are "ambitious"—want to get on in the world. But what does it really amount to?

Doesn't "getting on in the world" often mean "showing off TO the world," and isn't being scared of poverty mainly a case of hating the thought of what OTHER people think and what horrid things they say about it?

Isn't the whole thing entirely due to the mean-spiritedness of people? People with inverted mentality, who "look down" on the poor and "look up" to the rich?

The Greek philosopher Apuleius says: "It is no credit to be rich, and no disgrace to be poor."

How many cases do we know where riches were accumulated at a disgraceful price, while poverty was the reward of honesty. And all because of a wrong sense of values... of uncontrollable desires... wants which can never be satisfied because they multiply like the germs of sickness—and they are sickness.

Desiring little, and making it mean a great deal, is surely the most sensible way of living.

Subtracting from our desires, instead of adding to our riches (so that we can have more desires to satisfy) seems to be a fine way of avoiding the inevitable chaos.

success in the noble art he would release him. With this promise always in mind, the negro studied diligently. Some of the toughest fighters in America faced the good-looking young coloured boy—but they all went the same way—out! For Tom was determined to fight his way to freedom.

He succeeded and, to make the story even better, the man who had "owned" Tom as a slave became his biggest friend in the years that followed.

They say that "once a boxer, always a boxer." This is not true. The successful men, when they have achieved their object, retire from the arena. They have succeeded in their aim!

Surprising how much we can manage to go without these days and still live—amazing what hardships we can endure without ruining our health. Fact is that many things we thought indispensable were actually harmful, and lots of jobs we never thought we could tackle are the very jobs our neglected bodies yearned to do for their own health's sake. You know, most of our desires were for the wherewithal to provide lazy ease and over-indulgence.

Hard work never killed anyone, but if MORE people did it, then the work wouldn't be quite so hard for everybody.

There wouldn't be underpaid slaves and overpaid parasites.

There would be a greater sense of appreciation of others, an increase in sympathy for others—a realisation that Life really lived meant sharing of profits as well as labour—sharing of interests instead of "cornering" everything.

The comradeship of the Services (particularly during war) would be the basis of a permanent spirit of fellowship.

It all sounds impossible, doesn't it?

Yet you fellows must argue it out many times, the same as we chaps did during the other war.

"Scrounging" was just as rampant then as it is now, and "winning" was the easiest way of replacing shortages of either kit or rations. But it was a poor guy who "won" his own pal's possessions, and any louse who tried to pull a fast one while some other chap was doing duty in the trenches soon heard an undisguised opinion of himself which left no illusions.

Actually, the majority of people are happier helping each other one way and another, and by those who have fewer desires, the greatest consideration for others is shown.

They have desires all right, but they are mainly for the benefit of others—for universal distribution of Happiness. Not for individual accumulation of anything—yet they have riches beyond price bestowed upon them—the joys of doing Good.

When little means much, you have Gratitude.

When much means little, you have Greed.

Greed has an insatiable appetite, whether for riches or power... its bottomless belly never knows the feeling of deep satisfaction, but continually writhes in the agonies of hungering discontent.

Add to your real riches, by subtracting from your desires.

Simple arithmetic with compound interest.

Cheerio and Good Hunting.

With AL MALE



Whatever is it that first makes people take to

BOXING FOR A LIVING?

WHY do men become professional boxers? If you were to ask any of the fistic fraternity why they turned to the ring as a career it is doubtful if they could answer. In many cases, however, the financial opportunities offered by the arena attracts youngsters.

Barney Ross, former World Welterweight Champion, who has figured in many U.S. Marine battles in the Pacific, is a boxer who turned to the ring for a very good reason.

MURDER DID IT.

When Barney was only a youngster, his father had a small greengrocery store in Chicago. All went well for a time, then one day hold-up men broke into the little store, and after shooting down Ross's father in cold blood, they stole the till and escaped.

With the breadwinner of the family gone, the Ross household found things very

difficult. So Barney, who was well-known as an amateur boxer, decided to take the professional plunge and so help his family's finances. From the first, Ross went all out for fame—and found it, together with fortune.

I know another boxer, an English lad, who turned to the ring because his small child badly needed an operation. He fought some of the finest men of his weight in the game.

Not always did he win, but he always assured the fans of a bright display. That young man, as I have seen for myself, always collected his money immediately after each bout, and hurried home to his wife and sick child.

It was a tough fight in every sense of the word. But the boxer won through, his baby had its operation, and to-day is a fine and upstanding lad.

And when he sees the boy trotting around the house, that boxer, when he goes

home on leave from the army, must feel very pleased with himself. By turning to the gloved ring, he has brought health and happiness to a lad who might have had to spend the major part of his life in a bed.

No doubt many of you have heard of Frank Hough, the "Fighting Hussar." Frank, a Battersea boy, is a colourful character at present serving with the Welsh Guards.

During his early army days, however, he did not profess to be anything of a boxer. It was only by sheer accident, however, that he became a fighter.

Soon after he first joined the army, several years ago, a tough-looking fellow tried to make Frank undertake a job for him. Hough refused—and the other threatened to knock Frank's head off.

KNOCKED OUT THE CHAMPION.

The Battersea boy told him to put up his hands—then knocked him cold. Frank himself felt startled when his friends crowded round and congratulated him—because he'd knocked out the regimental champion!

They persuaded Hough to try his luck in the army champion-

ships, and he did. His hard-punching fists quickly made for him a big reputation, and this fact, coupled with his great personality, made him a prime favourite with the fighting fans.

Actually, Frank's most amusing experience was when he fought at a certain London arena. The fellow facing him, when the bell rang, slipped off his dressing gown—and made everyone, especially Hough, laugh.

You see, in his hurry to get into the ring he had forgotten to put on his pants. All he had on was a slip! Quickly he nipped back into his dressing-room and slipped on his pants—but that did not prevent Hough from winning!

Tom Molineaux, the first champion of America, is another fighter who took to the ring for a very definite reason.

He was born a slave on a plantation in Georgetown, U.S.A., his parents having been brought over from Africa. It was the habit of plantation owners in those terrible days, to make heavy wagers over the ability of their slaves as fighters.

FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

The man who was Tom Molineaux's master informed the boxer that if he achieved any

"GOOD MORNING" is always pleased to get your home news and photographs

SUNDAY FARE

"—AND SO THE POOR DOGGIE HAD NONE!"



Do you know this Old time craft?

IN a snug little house at Hainaker, near Chichester, where he was born 78 years ago, I found John Blunden, a real Sussex veteran, one-time hurdle, spar and hoop-maker, but now for many years past head of the firm of J. W. Blunden and Sons, who supply hurdles, spars, hay-cribs, or anything in the woodwork (line needed by farmers).

John's father was a hurdle-maker, as were all his uncles, and his grandfather, on his mother's side, and so when John was ten years old he started to help his father trimming rods for hurdles.

Work was hard in his youth, and John would walk to the copse, where the hurdle wood was cut, at 6 a.m., and stay there until 6.30 p.m.

John remembers that in 1887 he was working in Rook Wood, Goodwood, and made six dozen hurdles in four days, averaging 17 hurdles a day, but, as he remarked, "That job was exceptional" for the usual average would be five dozen hurdles per week.

An expert spar-maker, too, he made 2,470 two-foot long spars in 12 hours, and he now wishes he had made the odd 30 to bring the tally up to 2½ thousand spars in one day! So fast could he work, when really set to it, that John told me his "Three chips were all in the air at the same time."

Hurdle and spar making is very hard work on the hands, and often causes cracks which will not heal, so to fill these up John adopted the drastic method of using hot

cobbler's wax. Such treatment caused him to hop and shout, as he put it, but it did good.

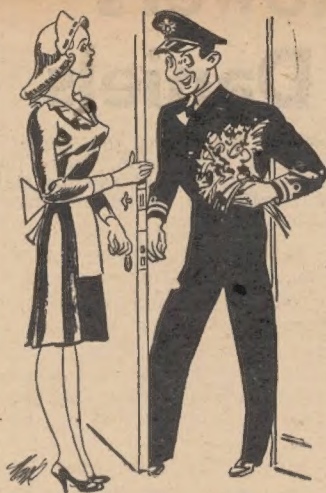
John told me that he always believed in living well, although he does not think food to-day is as good as it used to be. His father used to kill two pigs per year, in March and October, and they would weigh about 25 stone. The family in those days used to breakfast at 5 a.m. on pickled pork, have some at lunch, and again at supper, and they would enjoy a beefsteak pudding, as a great treat, once a fortnight.

For many years the Blundens used to brew their own beer and make their own wine, hedgepick (sloe), parsnip, cow-slip, mangold, and rhubarb. Said John ruefully: "My cellar has never been so empty in all my life as it is now!"

The Blundens are about the only large firm of hurdle-makers and copse cutters left in the Chichester district, but there is still a good demand for their commodities, and the trouble is to get skilled hurdle-makers, young men for some years past not having taken to this work. John told me he remembered when hurdles cost 3s. 3d. to 4s. per dozen to make, and were sold at 7s. to 7s. 6d. per dozen, while to-day the price would be from 20s. to 21s. to make, and 45s. per dozen to the buyer.

Those were the days when the Fleece Inn, Chichester, used to be the hurdle-makers' rendezvous on market days, and the bar used to be called the Woodmen's Room.

RONALD RICHARDS.



"That's O.K. I don't mind waiting!"

PUZZLE CORNER

FIVE fire guards arranged between them that each would stay awake one night in five, and only wake the other four if there was an alert. In a year, therefore, each was on watch 73 nights. It also happened that during the year there were 73 nights when alerts were sounded. It worked out that during the year A. was either on watch or had to be wakened on 134 nights, B. 137, C. 122, D. 136, and E. 128 nights. How many nights did each one have to waken the other four?

(Solution in S27)

B	R	A	K	E
M	I	L	E	S
T	I	B	E	T
S	T	A	I	N
L	A	N	E	S
C	H	I	C	K
G	R	A	P	E

Solution to Puzzle in S25

Wars Can Produce ACE COMEDIANS

Says CEDRIC GIBBONS

CAN Britain produce star comedians?

It has been alleged that American comedians outshine the British variety on the films.

The answer is that, after all, the greatest film comedian in the world—Charlie Chaplin—is an Englishman from South-East London; and America's present top comic, Bob Hope, was born at Eltham, South London.

In war-time, for some strange reason, we always appear to produce several great comedians.

The first, in 1939-40, was Jack Warner, brother of the famous Elsie and Doris Waters. Jack reached the top by the hard way, playing in small halls and concerts before his brilliance was appreciated by the managers.

Then he coined the expression "Mind my bike." This, together with the "Blue Pencil" act he developed, made for Jack Warner a place at the top of the theatrical profession.

The war, too, has once again put Tommy Handley among the great of our comics. I say "again," because Tommy, during the last war, learnt his art in an Army concert party. In the years between wars he was a favourite, but the introduction of "ITMA" really put him into our lives.

The same may be said of George Formby, the ever-smiling Lancashire lad. He, too, was a star before the war;

since 1939 he has endeared himself to thousands of Servicemen. I have heard stories of how George—at present in North Africa—has cycled to lonely units, giving them a show, and cycled back home in the black-out in pouring rain!

Formby is one of those fellows who does a great deal for the Forces—but, unlike others, says little.

Quite recently there was a big joke in the theatrical profession when it was announced that a "new star" comedian had been found by producer George Black. His name was Sid Field.

The truth of the matter is this: Sid Field, a really great comedian, has been touring the halls for twenty-two years—ever since he was sixteen years of age. Then he understudied Wee Georgie Wood, but grew so quickly that two years later he was understudying for 6ft. comic Dick Tubb!

Sid, who hails from Birmingham, first commenced to "act" in the streets of that city. He enjoyed nothing better than "impersonating" Charlie Chaplin, and on many occasions was forced to "run for it" when a policeman got on his trail.

Now "Sid" discovered after "working the halls" for twenty-two years, is to start making films. And there is no reason why he should not, with good fortune, become a comedian of the Bob Hope class.

I know many who think that we have already Jack Benny's counterpart in Ted "Fiddling and Fooling" Ray, who has made a rapid advance over the past year. Ted, who writes most of his new and up-to-date material, is a gagster with few equals on the British stage. Around the halls, and in factory canteens, they have a high opinion of him.

He plays the violin with the touch of a master, hails from Liverpool, and for some time worked in an orchestra that played aboard trans-Atlantic liners. He also turned out as a footballer for Liverpool, the First Division club. But Ted, who has knocked around the world, enjoys making people laugh. That is why he went on the stage.

Now there is hardly a town, from Land's End to John o' Groats, in big halls and little halls, that has not heard the slick jokes, cheery voice and brilliant violin playing of Ted Ray. George Black has already put him, with success, into his big shows. Before long he'll be at the very top.

Flanagan and Allen, the comedy couple, met when they were soldiers together in France. There developed that great on-off-stage partnership that has been responsible for as many laughs as any other combination. And in the present struggle they have had a terrific run of success.

Their American counterparts, Olson and Jolson, have arranged with Bud and Ches for a couple of stalls to be left open every night for two American soldiers. They are handed to the Doughboys "with the compliments of Olson and Jolson, of New York."

And, in New York, Olson and Jolson give two seats every night to two British Servicemen for their show, "with the compliments of Flanagan and Allen, of London."

Quite a nice gesture.

Another war-time comic discovery is Hal Monty. Until a few months ago Hal was in the Army, and when last I saw him, in a front-line theatre, he was making everyone laugh by his smart wise-cracks and clever dancing.

Had he not joined the Army, Hal might never have developed into the top-class comedian he is to-day.

Before the war he did a dancing act, but when he joined the Army and his unit put on a show, Monty's commanding officer suggested that Hal should say a few words. No sooner had he opened his mouth than everyone was laughing. So Hal kept on talking. . . .

To-day, after putting up

TO-DAY'S LETTER FROM THE PAST

FROM HENRY VIII TO ANNE BOLEYN IN 1528.

ON turning over in my mind the contents of your last letters, I have put myself into great agony, not knowing how to interpret them, whether to my disadvantage, as I understand them in some others, beseeching you earnestly to let me know expressly your whole mind as to the love between us two.

It is absolutely necessary for me to obtain this answer, having been for above a whole year stricken with the datt of love, and not yet sure whether I shall fail or find a place in your heart and affection, which last point has prevented me for some time past from calling you my mistress; because if you only love me with an ordinary love, that name is not suitable for you, because it denotes a singular love, which is far from common.

But if you please to do the office of a true mistress and friend, and to give yourself body and heart to me, who will be, and have been, your most loyal servant (if your rigour does not forbid me), I promise that not only shall the name be given you, but also that I will take you for my only mistress, casting off all others besides you out of my thoughts and affections and serve you only.

I beseech you to give an entire answer to this my rude letter, that I may know on what and how far I may depend. And if it does not please you to answer me in writing, appoint some place where I may have it by word of mouth, and I will go thither with all my heart.

No more for fear of tiring you.

Written by the hand of him who will willingly remain yours.

H.R.

P.S.—He then got off with a Miss Seymour and had Anne Boleyn Executed.

This all goes to show you can't believe everything people tell you.

posters all over London telling folk they had to see Hal Monty if they wanted a good laugh, he finds himself a stage and radio personality.

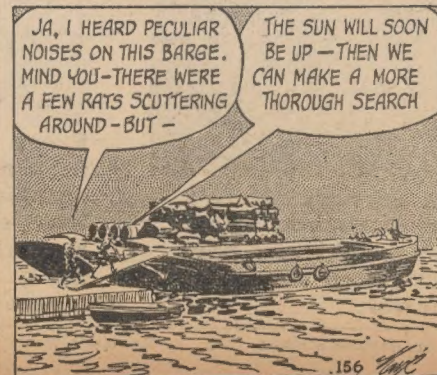
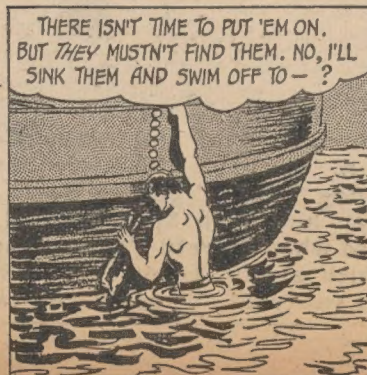
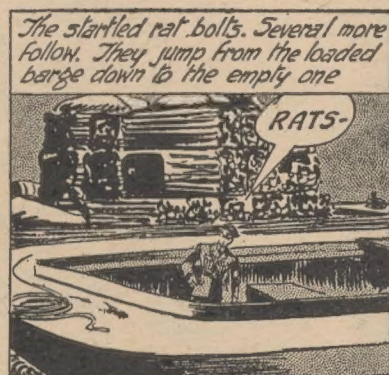
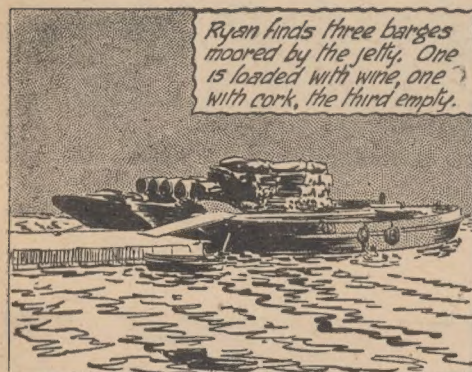
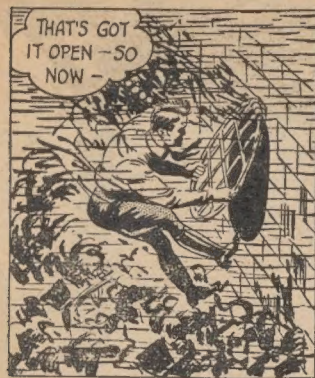
There are more Sid Fields, Ted Rays and Hal Montys awaiting discovery. You can be sure that the need for a good laugh in war-time will eventually bring them to the front.



WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's Picture Puzzle. Last week's was a piece of broken biscuit.

BUCK RYAN



Do you know?

By W. H. MILLIER

THAT King Edward VII was a first-class shot, and that his son, King George V, inherited this skill in the use of the sporting gun?

THAT the record bag for one gun was made by Lord Walsingham? He shot 1,070 grouse in Yorkshire in September, 1888.

THAT the record of Colonel Gibbs is likely to stand for a long time? This Colonel, at Bisley, on July 23, 1908, fired 57 shots dead on the bull before dropping into the inner. The range was 900 yards.

THAT the squirrel hunters in Russia are amazing shots? In order to avoid damaging the pelts they shoot their quarry in the eye.

THAT the subject of Russian furs reminds me that John Cobb, holder of the land speed record, is the official auctioneer for the Russian Government at their fur sales?

THAT English archers were noted for their skill in bygone centuries, but there are no records available of the achievements of those days?

THAT many of our greatest victories on the Continent, such as Crecy (1346), Poitiers (1356), Agincourt (1415), and Flodden (1513), were due to the skill of our bowmen?

THAT Scotland "staged" the last battle between bowmen in Great Britain, this being the clan battle between the Laird of Macintosh and Macdonald of Kippoch in 1688?

THAT archery was preserved from the fate of being a lost art by the Finsbury Archers, the Scorton Arrow Meeting, the Kentish Bowmen, and the Woodmen of Arden?

THAT the institution of the Royal Toxophilite Society in 1781 added to the number of devotees, which remains large to this day?

THAT the Honourable Artillery Company of London and Royal Company of Archers of Edinburgh are the present-day representatives of the ancient Body Guard of Archers of the English and Scottish Kings?

THAT the Ancient Scorton Arrow Meeting has continued annually since its revival in 1673? Ancient indeed.

THAT the longest shot ever made by a British archer (that is, since records were kept) is 443 yards, by Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey, in 1907?

THAT prior to this the same archer held the record with 406½ yards, made earlier in 1907?

THAT he held the record in 1905 with 367 yards, when he beat the record of 310 yards set up by Major Straker in 1897?

THAT the record of 308 yards by Horace Ford was accomplished in 1856, and stood until beaten by Major Straker 41 years later?

THAT in 1886 Mr. Griffith conducted a series of experiments to determine the speed of game birds in flight?

THAT pigeons, partridges and pheasants were made to fly through a long covered gallery and were timed?

THAT the highest speeds recorded were: Pheasant, 38 m.p.h.; pigeon, 33 m.p.h.; and partridge, 28 m.p.h.?

THAT other experiments with homing pigeons showed that the average speed of 18 birds was equal to 36 m.p.h.?

THAT the longest recorded distance flown by a homing pigeon is 1,182 miles—from Pensacola, Florida, to Fall River, Massachusetts, U.S.A.?

THAT here is a record that might interest the Ship's Cat: All records for rat-killing are held by a fox terrier named Jacko? He killed 25 rats in 1 min. 28 secs.; 100 in 5 min. 28 secs., and 200 in 14 min. 37 secs.



Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

We've "Crossed the Tamar at one bound"

—so here are some VIEWS FROM HOME for Cornishmen



The moke's named Polly, and her boss is Jim Moses, who wears gold ear-rings. Jim Moses is an old seadog, but now does very nicely, selling lamp oil and chopped wood round St. Blazey.



And here's another old boy who does very nicely, thank you (trust a Cornishman!) William Lewis of Lostwithiel is a cobbler, a very good one, and 91 years old.



In among the pine trees near the tiny hamlet of Antony you see its peaceful church — all's well in Cornwall.



They're great when they're old, these Cornish. Here's an octogenarian tea party at another place you know well — the village of Par. They've been neighbours now for half-a-century — and never even quarrelled over who borrowed whose lawn mower.



Every Cornish man and every Cornish dog is a born fisherman. Here, on the River Fowey, is Harold Pearce and his dog "Spot," getting down to work. You should have seen how high Spot jumped and heard how loud he barked when Harold Pearce landed the championship lately with a 9-lb. trout. Now Harold's looking for a record sea-trout — "peel" you call them, don't you?

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Pretty fishy place
Cornwall
all the
same."

